YPSILANTI SENTINE

VOLUME III—NUMBER 36.

YPSILANTI, (Mich,) WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 30, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 140

CHAS. WOODRUFF, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

One Dollar and fifty cents, if paid in Advance; otherwise Two Dollars will invariably be charged. RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For one square, [14 lines or less] one week, \$0 50.

" for subsequent insertions perWeek 25.

BIDE YOUR TIME. Clouds will pass above the stream
And dim its sparkling brightness;
Tempests stay the sun's mild beam
As it descends with lightness.

Flowers will close the leaves beneath The moon's cold light in sadness; Birds will, sorrowing, cease to breathe Their notes of joy and gladness.

Thus your hopes will sometimes be By life's dark ills enshrouded; Patient wait, and you shall see Their light again unclouded.

Brighter than those hopes shall glow, Pairer seem the scenc around you; Naught but Heaven's own radiant bow Be left to tell that gloom o'er bound you.

From Godey's Lady's Book. GOING INTO THE COUNTRY CURES BALD-

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

"What can be the reason of my hair's falling out in this way?' was Mr. Greenleaf's exclamation, addressed, perhaps, to his image in the looking glass, for there was no other conversible person in the room. "It must be want of exercise, or strong coffee-or, perhaps, anthracite coal. I must consult a

nately, upon which it is vain to call in medical aid .-

and ringing for his servant, he made a very careful with an infallible specific. toilet and sallied forth.

of his wisdom. Mrs. Armour stood well in the good graces of Mr. Greenleaf, and he bad had some secret thoughts that if she were a little younger she would make a very agreeable Mrs. Greenleaf. Perhaps he might have forgotten even this objection, so formidable to bachelors of a certain age, if it had not been for the occasionable suggestions of his housekeeper, who being also a widow, felt it her duty to keep him from making a fool of himself.

"Mrs. Armour," she would observe, as she riased Mr. Greenleaf's cup and poured out his tea with just the proper inclination of the tall silver teapot-"Mrs. Armour is a nice old lady. Pity she's a little hard of hearing!"

"Old! hard of hearing!" said Mr. Greenleaf, in astonishment, when these ideas were first suggusted by careful Mrs. Wilson. "I'm sure she dresses as young as anybody, and hasn't a gray bair in her head; and as to deafness, she always hears what I say."

"Yes, poor thing," Mrs. Wilson would reply, with an air of commisseration, "she tries to make the best of it. As to dressing, she is very wise; and hair, you know, is to be bought anywhere. But I wonder you have never observed her deafness! Mrs. Byng told me that only the other day she had repeatedly asked Mrs. Armour whether she had any children, and never yet could get an answer."

"Hum!" said Mr. Greenleaf, thinking to himself _aI fancy you are a little spiteful, Mrs. Wilson!" So on this occasion he went with a peculiar meaning to pay a visit to the fair widow, whose bright eyes, brown curls and quick-enough ears had been thus traduced. Whether the visit had any immediate connection with the sense of growing baldness we do not pretend to determine.

Mrs. Armour was charmingly dressed, and seated at her little work-table engaged in some lady-like employment. She received Mr. Greenleaf most graciously, and wheeled an easy chair round for him so near her own that the scene beceme at once almost alarmingly cozy. Mr. Greenleaf felt a little frightened. It looked as if she had divined his thoughts, since in these days of Mesmeric revelations one nev er knows when one is safe. He edged back a little. for he felt that it would be poor tactics to remain voluntarily close within range of the enemy's fire.

"Too warm, Mr. Greenleaf?" said Mrs. Armour, and she reached him a screen, with the prettiest little hand in the world.

"Yes, rather-rather warm," said the embarrass bachelor, looking down upon the screen. "Is this a specimen of your skill, Mrs. Armour?"

"A long time ago!" sighed the fair widow. "Not very long, I think," said Mr. Greenleaf, gallantly plucking up courage as danger thickened. "Ah, yes-ages!" said the lady, as ladies will.

Here came a pause. When Mr. Greenleaf had but now his tongue clove to the roof of his me Mrs. Armour kindly relieved him.

"Have you been sleighing yet, Mr. Greenleaf?"

charming drive to day with Mr. and Mrs. Dovely .-I really wonder you do not keep a sleigh, Mr. Green-

Take care, Mrs. Armour; with all your tact you are treading a dangerous ground! If Mr. Greenleaf marrying him for an establishment.

"Really, now," went on the unconscious widow "I handsome sleigh, and then for summer just such a Forrester's whole establishment is so heautiful!"

Mr. Forrester had been a bachelor of about Mr. Greenleaf thought very absurd.

thought of proposing for any one. "She thinks to countenance beams upon me like the face of an old room, looked in the glass again, felt the bald spot ter than anything else." and then sat down in the great chair and stared in the He forgot in his cogitations to ask himself, among improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency fire, as much perplexed as ever.

his hair only made it fall out the faster, and when that he thought it no disrespect to the sex to take it there being no moment of his time for which he had spring came he resolved to try country air, exercise for granted. Mr. Grennleaf omitted to mention forty-five years and amusement, by way of renewing his youth and When a bachelor looks down upon matrimony from At night, on joining his family circle. the General -no uncommon cause of baldness, and one, unfortu- forgetting his troubles. Mrs. Wilson strongly op- the awful height of five and forty, he may be excused complained of slight indisposition, and, after a single posed the plan. She prophesied damp beds, close for shrinking a little at the leap; and it was with no cup of tea, repaired to his library, where he remained He looked at the increasing forehead, passed his fin- rooms, snakes, wet feet and broken bones-but in small amount of trepidation that Mr. Greenleaf writing until between 11 and twelve o'clock. Mrs. gers fearfully over a spot near the crown where there vain. Mrs. Armour only sighed, and asked him to sought a private interview with Mrs. Retford to Washington retired about the usual family hour, but was an ominous smoothness, and then seated him- what part of the country he was going. He said he disclose his amiable designs upon Jeannie. But the becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed self (with a sigh) in his great arm-chair before the had not yet decided-for the truth was he had a se- matter once broached he recovered his habitual fluen- sound of the Library door, as it closed for the night, cret, undefined fear that she would follow him and ency, and laid before the good lady his worldly situ- and gave signal for rest in the well regulated man-What were his reflections as he sat gazing at the throw herself in his way, and so get him after all .- ation with some complacency, assuring her there sion, she rose again, and continued sitting up, in much grate must be gathered from circumstances. His This fear is a compliment which men sometimes pay was no person who had any claims upon him except a anxiety and suspense. At length the well known countenance were for some time an air of great so- to the irresistible power of the weaker sex. So Mr. sister's son, for whom he intended to provide an out- step was heard on the stair, and upon the General's lemnity, not to say moodiness. Ever and anon his Greenieaf slipped off clandestinely, as it were, and fit in life. hand wandered, as if unconsciously, to the fatal spot, soon found himself in a part of the country where Mrs. Retford seemed a little embarrassed, hinted up so late, knowing himself to be unwell; to which and then descended caressingly upon the ample whis- there could be little fear of any traps but those set at disparity of ages, declared there was no answering Washington made this memorable reply: "I came so kers below. Now his face would brighten a little, for foxes or weasels. Here he felt quite safe, and for young girls' fancies, but said she would consult soon as my business was accomplished. You well then again it looked as if all his stock was below par. went gunning and fishing very industriously, careful- Jeannie, and if she wished, lay the matter before her know, that, through a long life, it has been my un-At length he seemed to come to a sudden resolution, ly rubbing the smoothe spot on his head every night mother.

But one day when he was coming home to kis she a mother living! Behold him next seated in the parlor of Mrs. Ar- lodgings after a morning's shooting, he saw in a field "Oh, certainly; a lady in your city, whom I dare treated Mr. Greenleaf with the consideration due to a a twig touched the trigger, and a full charge of small fraid that her miserable husband might return some ed at once her good sense and her high appreciation dies, cattle, trees and skies, and he sank fainting on ment?' said Mr. Greenleaf, confidently.

But this sweet vision was soon exchanged for the far less amiable one of an old country doctor, who examined his wounds and extracted as many of the shot as he could, giving as his opinion that if it had er." been a little more this way or that way, no human skill (not even his own) could have saved the patient; Greenleaf, with suddenly awakened curiosity. but being just where it was, he thought it might be done-so, after thorough probing and many cautions, he left some huge vials of medicine and departed.

Poor Mr. Greenleaf! Is it to be wondered at that he thought of Mrs. Wilson's wise remonstrances?that his memory reverted to that snug room which had so long accommodated him, and the careful hands that anticinated all his wants? But his present hostess left nothing undone, and when household duties called her down stairs, she left to watch the patient that same pretty creature whose freight had first excited Mr. Greenleaf's gallantry. If he must be wounded, and away from home and Mrs. Wilson, he could not be better off.

Before many days he was able to sit up again-for his wounds had been fortunately scarcely more than skin deep-and then he became more and more acquainted with the old lady and her grand-daughter. Their name was Retford, and the young one was called Jeannie. She was a sprightly creature, with bright, dancing eyes, and a ceaseless flow of spirits, and Mr. Greenleaf found her society in the sick-room o charming that he almost wished to retard his convalescence-since with the return of health must vanish every excuse for remaining longer a guest at Mrs. Retford's. She treated him with all the attentention of a daughter, and an affectionate one, too, little thinking that the staid bachelor was meanwhile speculating on the feasibility of making a wife of her. Here was a case in which the establishment could have no weight, since neither Jeannie nor her grandmother had seen or heard of it. Here was a sweet. simple, lovely creature, expert in all delicate householdry,domestic in her habits, and evidently affectionate in her disposition-disengaged, of course, for she had never seen anybody in these wilds. Why not try to secure an interest in her young heart, and take her to the handsome town home, let Mrs. Wilson look sour as she might? Nay, why not take at once, and trust to winning her heart afterwards, as unwearied kindness was sure to do? Mr. Greenleaf thought all this over for days and days.

Meanwhile the pretty Jeannie went on as if she had been bent on making a conquest. She read to him, she sang to him, with the graceful accompaniment of a Spapish guitar, on which she was no mean performer; she shook up his cushions, kept off the flies with a fresh branch, split and buttered his muffin ng particular to say, he could be very agreeable with her rosy-tipped fingers, and "performed to point" all those charming little attentions which are

wearied that the old demon began again to whisper to predict that at some time or other Mrs. George! ligion wanting to shed its peaceful and benign lustre

At length not a shadow of apology for remaining longer at Mrs. Retford's was left, and Mr. Greenleaf with many regrets, prepared for his return to town. cording to the present fashion, as thushas a fear, it is that somebody will take him in by He would have been glad to live on so forever-an honored guest, hospitably ertertained and made quite comfortable, in a common way, by the old lady, while should think you would find it delightful to keep a for the thousand indescribable essential trifles, there was a fairy hand-maiden ever at his side, whose minbeautiful open carriage as Mr. Forrester's. Mr. istrations were delightful to him, and whose very presence seemed to fill the room with sunshine.

To be sure, he experienced no palpitations; he sel-Greeland's standing, and he had lately taken a gay dom sighed, except when he was rubbing the specif- witnessed the last hours of Washington. So keen wife and set up housekeeping in a style that Mr. ic upon his head, and he slept perfectly well whether and unsparing hath been the sythe of time, that, "She wants to lead me to make myself equally ri- to himself, "all that is nonsense! I used to have on the 13th and 14th of December, 1799, but a single liculous!" whispered the same demon within that such feelings, but I have grown wiser. I love this personage survives. had always thrown a spell over him when he had sweet girl as if she was my daughter even now; her marry we for an establishment!" and, as soon as he friend. Heigho! if I had a daughter like her I would Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own decently could, he made his bow, returned to his never marry, and that would please Mrs. Wilson bet- compass, noted his observations, and marked out the

other questions, whether it was probable that a beau- of the weather as to be considerably wetted before tiful girl of seventeen would marry a man old enough his starting to the house. About one o'clock he was to be her father. He had so complete a conviction seized with calliness and nauses, but having chang-Mr. Greenleaf soon perceived that fretting about that "women, like moths, are ever caught by glare," ed his clothes, he sat down to his in-door work-

"Her mother!" exclaimed Mr. Greenleaf. "Has ties which should be performed to-day."

He recovered, as heroes should, lying on a bed in a ly qualified to reply. As I observed to you, one can neat chamber, with a charming face leaning over him. never count upon young girls' fancies. To tell you the truth, there has been a young gentleman about this neighborhood that I thought Jeannie favored,-He brought us a letter of introduction from her moth-

"Everts-George Everts," said the old lady.

"My nephew! And the lady who gave him the

letter?" "Mrs. Armour."

Mr. Greenleaf stood like one transfixed. He saw through everything-past, present and future-and he was "blasted with excess of light." Jeannie was Mrs. Armour's daughter-ergo, Mrs. Armour, being a married woman could never have had any designs upon him or his establishment. Jeannie had seen and liked George Everts, and therefore was very unlikely to have laid any snares for George Evert's uncle. Yet, after having received so much kindness from two women whom he was thus forced to believe disinterested, the cruel fates put them both out of his reach. At least so he concluded, for the old lady's manner betrayed that she knew more about Jeannie's liking for George Everts than her words alone would have indicated.

Our bachelor friend was very low-spirited, we mus confess; but a little reflection reconcilea him to the new aspect of things. A newly-lighted flame in the staid heart of forty-five,

"Hangs quivering at a point, leaps off by fits And falls again, as loth to quit his hold;"

but it takes but a mere puff of adverse wind to blow out entirely. He had wished Jeannie was his daughter, and here was an opportunity to make her the next thing to it, besides the pleasure of doing a generous action. He soon found courage to seek the damsel, adroitness, to get out of her the secret of her attachment to his nephew, who had spent some weeks in the neighborhood on a geological tour, and magnanimity enough to promise that if Mrs. Armour did not refuse her consent he would before long put it in George's power to marry, on condition that his house while, as the night advanced, it became evident that should be, for a time at least, the home of the young

tle dreaming how near she had come to being sup- Nor pang or struggle told, when the noble spirit took his approbation sometimes taken his pistol, his razor planted by a slip of a girl. Mrs. Armour had heard its noiseless flight; while so tranquil appeared the and pocket knife from him whose he felt one of those a good many things, yet she and Mr. Greenleaf found much interesting conversation after this; and Mr. Armour having happily ceased to torment the world so acothing to the convalescent. She was so un- in general and his wife in particular, we may venture

cease to be matter of disturbance to the owner.

Mr. Greenleat asserts that going into the country cures baldness, and he proves it, syllogistically, ac-

Baldness was his trouble; Going into the country cured his trouble: Ergo-going into the country cures baldness!

THE LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON. From the Curtis' recollections, and Private Memois of the life and character of Washington.

Twenty eight years have passed, since an interes ting group were assembled in the death room, and Jeannie was at home or not. "But then," he said of all those who watched over the Patriarch's couch

> On the morning of the 13th, the General was engaged in making some improvement in front of Mt. ground. The day became rainy, with sleet, and the not provided an appropriate employment.

entering his chamber, the lady chided him for staying varied rule, never to put off till the morrow the du- were unsatisfactory because it was generally thought

of mighty labors sought repose; but it came not as der, employed at the Jersey City Railroad Depot, mour, a widow lady of comely appearance, who lodg- which he was just about to cross, an old lady and a say you may have met her. The marriage was most it had wont to do, to comfort and restore, after the testified that on the 1st of July, while the rain fell ed not very far from Mr. Greenleaf's. This lady was beautiful young girl very much terrified by some un- unfortunate-so much so that poor Jeannie has nev. many and earnest occupations of the well spent day. in torrents, Spencer was observed walking back and one of those who always board out, know everybody, ruly cattle. His gallantry was aroused, and he ins- er known her father, who is a voluntary outcast in The night was passed in feverish restlessness and forth in a very rapid manner for more than an hour in are invited everywhere, and maintain a handsome ap- tantly prepared to climb the fence to hasten to their one of the southern cities. My daughter, unwilling pain. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," the rain, close by the depot, shaking by his teeth the pearance upon very moderate means. She always rescue; but, unfortunately, as he set his gun down, to endure the odium of a divorce, has always been a was destined no more to visit his couch; yet the stump of a cigar, and attracting the attention of all manly sufferer uttered no complaint, would permit the workmen, some twenty-five in number-a great particular friend, consulted him in any little emershot was lodged in his shoulder. He heard the laday and claim the child, confided her to me, and she
gency such as widow ladies are subject to, and deferdies scream, and saw them run towards him, but he
has been brought up in seclusion, as you see."

day and claim the child, confided her to me, and she
has been brought up in seclusion, as you see." red to his better judgment with a grace which show- knew no more: for everything swam before him, la- "She is not then likely to have formed any attach- the overseer might be called in, and bleeding resorted tice it. His countenance wore a sad and dejected apto. A vein was opened, but without affording relief. pearance, and a loud remark calculated to drive him

family, and Drs. Dick and Brown as consulting Phy- lieved him insane, and this was a common remark .sicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper Dr. Gautier of Jersey City saw him on the ferry boat remedies were administered, but without producing about the middle of May, and Messrs. Kirby and Mead their healing effects, while the patient, vielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waived his usual objections to medicines, and took those which were "A letter? What was his name, pray?" said Mr. prescribed, without hesitation or remark. The med- Dr. Clark, apothecary, of Jersey city testified that ical gentleman spared not their skill, and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwearied endeavors to preserve this noblest work of nature.

ton: the weather became severely cold, while the Adjourned. group gathered near the couch of the sufferer, watching with intense anxiety, for the slightest dawning of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquires of an old family servant, as she smoothed his pillow, how he felt himself, be ancompanion in arms, longest tried and bosom friend. he observed; "I am dying Sir-but am not afraid to die." To Mrs. Washington, he said: go to my escritoir, and in the private drawer you will find two He continued: they are my wills-preserve this one, In a lecture on Mesmerism he sang, talked of poetry and burn the other." Which was accordingly done. instead of Mesmerism-his manner was so serior Calling to Col. Lear, he directed: "Let my corpse be kept for the usual period of three days."

Here we would beg leave to remind our readers, that, in a former part of this work, we have said that Washington was old fashioned in many of his habits and manners, and in some of his opinions; nor was he the less to be admired on those accounts. The custom of keeping the dead for the scriptural period of three days, is derived from remote antiquity, and arese, not from fear of premature interment, as in more modern times, but from motives of veneration toward the decease; for the better enabling the relatives and friends to assemble from a distance, to perform the funeral rites: for the pious watchings of the corpse, and for many sad, yet endearing ceremonials, with which we delight to pay our last duties to the remains of those we have loved.

The patient bore his acute sufferings with manly fortitude, and perfect resignation to the Divine will, "hour was nigh." He inquired the time, and it was er rushed out and entered my house. Mr. Spence the Patriarch was no more.

It may be asked, and why was the ministry of re- Mrs. Dobbin said he was certainly crasy, A

"Have you been stegging you are to Mr. Greenleaf—"She has guessed at the estabHow strange! But perhaps you do not think it safe

to Mr. Greenleaf—"She has guessed at the establishment." But he would not listen this time. Jea Mrs. Greenleaf, whose years will so nearly corresto whom the observances of sacred things were ever to drive a sleigh in the city? Now, I had the most annie's artlessness, aided by those clear, honest eyes, pond with those of her liege lord, that the unfurnish- primary duties thro' life, without their consolations could have neutralized the spells of Mephistophiles ed spot on the outside of Mr. Greenloaf's head will in his last moments? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatened a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope; yet, to stay that summons which none may refuse, to give still farther days to him whose "time honored life" was so dear to mankind, prayer was not wanting to the Throne of Grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon that ancient book, with which she had been wont to hold plous communion, a portion of every day, for more than half a century, was the venerable consort, absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the mourning group prepared to lead her from the chamber of the dead

> SPENCER'S TRIAL AT BERGIN, N. J. On the 16th the Chief Justice decided in favor of

the admissibility of the the testimony of Joshua A. Spencer, of Uties, an uncle of the prisoner. His testimony confirmed the statement of the opening counsel, as published yesterday, relative to insanity in the family. The mother of the prisoner died in 1840 or '41 of consumption, and since '39 the three eldest of five daughters have died of consumption, the third of whom died at the age of 21, in June '44, in the house of witness, and was a raving manisc. The father, during his periods of insanity, would appear rational sometimes for days, but had frequent paroxisms of violence-attacked witness-was so violent to his parents that he could not be in their presence. Was first taken insane in 1808, and his oldest son, the prisoner, was born in 1814. He was of premature birth, and was a small child. Ichabod S. Spencer, witness's cldest brother, has been insane more than a year, and is now in the Asylum at Utica. He will converse well and appear rational except when irritated, when he will burst out into paroxisms of violence. He requested that he might be taken to the Asylum lest he should do some violence. Dr. James M. Peake testified that Spencer lectured on Mesmerism in Cooperstown in the winter of 1843 and '44 -that when excited, particularly on the subject of mesmerism, his eyes would assume that wild and vacant look characteristic of the insane-his conversation too was disjointed-incoherent. He regarded him as insane and said so at the time. His lectures he was of unsound mind. It was a common remark Having first covered up the fire with care, the man that Spencer was crazy. Mr. Talson and Mr. Fielabout the 1st of July, and they all thought him insane and said so at the time. His conduct on each occasion attracted the attention of all the passengers. he was often in Lis store-that his eyes were bloodshot, wild, restless, and his conversation incoherent. and from these circumstances and his manner, believ-The night approached—the last night of Washing- ed him insane and expressed this opinion at the time.

Edward Pierpont, a lawyer of this city, who resided in Columbus, Ohio, in '43, testified that Spencer was in that city in the Summer of 43 for 10 days;swered, "I am very ill." To Dr. Craik, his earliest that he made a very strange Whig speech, incoherent in language and ideas; that it was remarked he would do the Whig cause no good; that in conversation h said he was better on Irish Repeal or Temperano but his forte lay in Mesmerism. He was made the papers-bring them to me." They were brought. butt of laughter without seeming to be aware of it. and intensely earnest as to excite laughter. The young men at the hotel used to listen to him for musement. He said he was gifted by the Almighty with supernatural and alarming powers, and that he was not to blame for it; that he could control the will of any one he chose; while at the table he would always sit with arms folded, attempting to control the will of some one; he mentioned the names of reveral of the most respectable persons whom he could control at will, and among them that of a young lady, and that he had got to fight a duel about it, and was armed for the purpose. He was very earnest in what he said and did-his eyes were glassy and wild. Witness and the other young men regarded him insane, and on that account ceased to converse with him. He was strictly temperate and moral in his habits. Mrs. Harrison, who resides in the house adjoining that of Mrs. Dobbin, Jersey City, testifi that on the 2.1 of July she heard a scream in the house he was sinking, and he seemed fully aware that his These matters confortably settled, Mr. Greenleaf's answered, a few moments to twelve. He spoke no followed; his eyes were giaring; he was excited and heroism declined a little, and he was not sorry when more—the hand of death was upon him, and he was all the adieux were fairly said and he could hide his conscious that his "hour was come." With surpris- and asked me not to say a word. He went into the face and his disappointment in the corner of a stage- ing self-possession, he prepared to die. Composing parlor where Mrs. S. was; she screamed and came coach. Mrs. Wilson received him very graciously, his form at length, and tolding his arms upon his bosom into my bed-room; she said several times Mr. S. was much pleased in her secret soul to think that one of without a sigh, without a groan, the Father of his certainly crazy; was subject to fits of derangement; her predictions had been verified by the gun, but litmanly features in the repose of death, that some mo- fits coming on; that she was atraid to sleep with manly features in the repose of death, that some mo-ments had passed ere those around could believe that the Patriorch was no more.

SPENCER'S TRIAL, BERGEN, N. J .- On the 17th